

# "A WOMAN TO WIN"

Synopsis of Chapters Already Published

Learning that Helene Burns, the girl he loves, is about to accept a position as teacher in the Philippines, the young Chicagoan, Jim Harrison, hurries to New York to ask her to be his wife. His proposal, however, is so businesslike that Helene refuses him. Shortly afterward, hearing that his fortune has been swept away in the stock market, he sets sail with an old sea captain, Ezra Carman, for an island in the Malay Archipelago, where Carman believes a great treasure to be hidden. When near their destination their ship is struck by a storm, during which Carman, in a fit of temporary insanity, flings the overboard. The young man, half dead, is carried ashore by the tide.

Meanwhile Jim's rival, Starr Spencer, a financier, involves Harrison's name with the Santa Teresa gold mine swindle, which is being investigated by the Government. Through his assistant, who passes under the name of Northcote, he buys for \$50,000 the girl's supposedly worthless property in Brazil, over which she has given him power of attorney, and which he has discovered contains a valuable diamond mine.

The steamer on which Helene sails for Manila is struck by a typhoon and driven from its course. It puts in for repairs at Yacana Island, a tiny, uninhabited island upon Jim's unconscious form. She succeeds in reviving him, but is deserted by her steamer, and she is left in a perilous condition as she carries away from the island.

Harrison and Helene are left off into the forest by the typhoon. In a fit of temporary insanity, he gains for her permission to visit the treasure cave, which is guarded by the islanders as sacred, but only on condition that she is married. Accordingly she and Jim are married in a native marriage ceremony. A search of the cave, however, fails to disclose the treasure, and she is left alone on the island.

Helene, learning that Harrison is wanted for complicity in the Santa Teresa swindle, and unaware that she is followed by a Secret Service man from Manila, returns to Yacana to find that Harrison is in response to a call from Starr Spencer, who claims her signature to some papers. Spencer's wife, Flossie, of whom he wishes to rid himself, that she may marry Helene, comes from her home to visit him, and consents to a divorce. He does not know that she is staying in New York to watch him.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### A BINDING TIE.

HELENE found to her gratification on her return to New York that the little flat on 122d street was untenanted; and, consequently, as soon as the furniture could be got out of storage, and the cat, canary, and Boston fern could be requisitioned from the friends in whose charge they had been left, Aunt Margaret and she resumed their placid, domestic life as though it had never been interrupted.

But, ah, what a difference! It takes more than familiar furnishings and unchanged surroundings to remove the scars of experience.

The light-hearted girl who had studied and worked here, who had tended the fern, and twittered to the bird, and romped with the cat, was gone, and in her place was a pensive, sad-eyed woman chastened by sorrow.

Before in these rooms she had looked forward, dreaming of a life of travel, excitement, love; now her glance was turned only toward the past, and she lived among her memories.

Everything about the place seemed to call back Jim to her—the Morris chair, where he had written in the agony of his tight boots, the little stand that had knocked over in his tumultuous exit, recollections of his own, yet not untainted with a certain sentiment in her eyes.

"Oh, I want him! I want him! I want him!" she would cry, throwing herself disconsolately upon the couch and burying her head in the sofa pillows. "He cannot be drowned, my brave, strong Jim! It cannot be true! That would be too cruel!"

She clung sedulously to the hope that although his boat had been lost he might, as before, himself have gained the shore, and now be held upon some uncivilized island like Yacana, unable to get away or to communicate with her. But every passing day saw the likelihood of such an escape grow fainter.

There are not so many uncivilized islands left any more, even among the thousands scattered off the southeast coast of Asia, and such as there are she knew were one by one being investigated by the relentless searchers of the Secret Service without result.

As for any other chance, five months and more had now passed away since she bade him good-by upon the deck of the *Terre Haute*, and in the meantime no wandering ship had spoken the sloop Helene; the little vessel's name had been inscribed upon that fateful list at Lloyd's as lost at sea.

No; Helene realized that the hope to which she clung so passionately was groundless, and yet she could not give it up.

Despite what reason and intelligence told her she still—women will—waited and watched and prayed.

She was greatly chanced these days, although, strange to say, her trials and suffering had not affected her beauty. Indeed, if anything, they had increased it, spiritualizing and ennobling her always lovely expression, and giving a touch of compassion to her deep, dark eyes, as of one who, having known sorrows herself, could feel for others.

Even Starr Spencer's sordid nature recognized this when he met her at the station on her arrival in New York.

"Humph, you got back quick," commented Captain Northcote, who was at the financier's office eagerly waiting for a report. "Didn't she come?"

"Oh, yes, she came. But I merely saw herself and her suit to her hotel, and naturally didn't linger."

"Of course, you brought up the power of attorney matter, though? Will she straighten it out all right?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Bailey," and Starr Spencer laughed a trifle shamefacedly, "I didn't mention it to her. I'd as soon have thought of broaching such a subject to a saint with a halo."

His reverential qualms did not, however, prevent him from bringing up the topic for discussion with her at an early date; and since he rightly pointed out that it was a mere correction he wanted—simply the satisfaction of a legal detail in a matter for which she had already received remuneration—he had no difficulty in gaining her consent.

With certain vague and hazy recollections

By CHARLES CAREY

Author of "The Scarlet Warning," "Down the Toboggan," "The Van Suyden Sapphires," etc.

tions of the law, though, a sudden objection rose to her mind.

"I don't know that I can either, Mr. Spencer," she hesitated. "Would it be valid with just my single signature? I—I am married now, you see."

"Married?" He recoiled back as though she had struck him a blow in the face. "Yes—whether legally or not, I do not know; but when we were on the island, Jim and I found it necessary to go through their ceremony together."

She did not tell him the reason for their action, and he was so relieved at finding that it was only some heathen rite in which she had taken part and not a regular nuptials, that he forgot to ask.

He vigorously pook-pooked the idea that she could be bound or restricted in any way by such a tie, but she would not consent to sign the paper until they had gone together to consult a lawyer.

The barrister looked dubious when the question was propounded to him. "That is rather a knotty problem," he remarked. "The general rule, of course, is that a marriage entered into under the laws and customs of the country where the parties may happen to be is equally binding in all other countries; but I have no doubt, Miss Burns, considering the fact that this union, as I take it, was in some degree under duress, and that there is no record of it, any—"

"But there may be a record," interrupted Helene, bethinking herself of the kangaroo skin parchment which Mananga had presented to herself and Jim on their departure.

"It had never occurred to me before," she said; "but why might not that readily be a form of marriage certificate?"

The lawyer frowned more doubtfully than ever at this intelligence. "In that case," he resumed, "and since, as I understand it, you and the other contracting party at the same time audibly rehearsed the vows of the Christian service, I should say the covenant was valid and binding in all respects."

Starr Spencer looked black as ink, and involuntarily stamped his foot. "Still," the counselor went on hurriedly, "as I was about to say before, considering the circumstances under which this so-called espousal was held, I have no doubt that any court would readily dissolve or annul the tie, if it there be."

"But I do not want it dissolved or annulled," cried Helene. "I simply want to know if I have the right to transfer a piece of property without my husband's signature."

"Oh, in that case, unless you gave to that case," he would cry, throwing herself disconsolately upon the couch and burying her head in the sofa pillows. "He cannot be drowned, my brave, strong Jim! It cannot be true! That would be too cruel!"

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the man's appearance as if some one she had seen or known before, but she never thought of connecting his identity with that of the stowaway aboard the steamer, the hotel guest at Sydney and Manila, or the sailor on the tramp at Yacana.

So, without attracting any particular attention from her, he still continued to gaze out of his window.

And still the fate of Jim Harrison remained a mystery, and still Starr Spencer played his waiting game.

Realizing that it was not yet time for him to speak, he had not interposed no objection when Helene, making it plain that her slender resources were insufficient for the support of Aunt Margaret and herself, told him she wanted to go to work; but promptly assisted her to secure a position, and then, as if by magic, what the name of this rare bird?

"Flossie Peasley; but she says she would rather be called Florence, if we don't mind."

"We certainly do not mind. 'Flossie' is a little gay and giddy for our domestic abode. I can stand the lack of references, auntie; but if she had insisted on 'Florence,' I don't think even the coming fritters could have reconciled me to her staying."

Helene was disposed to take her aunt's encomiums upon her find with a considerable grain of salt; but when she had herself interviewed the applicant that evening, she was obliged to admit that the case had not been overrated.

Flossie answered all questions put to her directly, and in a manner which showed her complete familiarity with all branches of housewifery. Nor was there any trouble in securing her agreement to an equitable wage.

One stipulation she made, however, she begged to be excused from answering the door, or appearing when company was present, pleading as an explanation that she was apt to be shy and awkward at such times, and might commit some grievous mistake.

"Oh, well," thought Helene, "any girl we might get would have a fair of some kind, and this one really makes no difference. We have been used to answering the door and waiting on the evening ourselves, and I suppose we can continue to do so. Besides, we never have any company except Mr. Spencer occasionally for Sunday dinner. On the whole, she seems so admirable in other respects, and auntie is so manifestly delighted, I guess I had better take her."

Accordingly, Florence was duly engaged and soon proved herself even more capable and competent than she had represented.

In short, she was, as Aunt Margaret, with the proud spirit of a discovering Columbus, took frequent opportunity to observe, an undoubted "treasure."

Yet Helene, although she admitted all her maid's good qualities, was never exactly certain whether she was pleased to have her in the house or not.

There was a baffling quality about Florence, a sort of mystery which she was unable to fathom.

The woman, for all her stolid ways and continual industry, seemed somehow to be pursuing underneath a deep and determined purpose.

A volcano covered with placid vineyards was the comparison which rose to Helene's mind—covered with placid vineyards, but ready at any moment to burst forth into volcanic and consuming fury.

Once or twice, too, she had caught Florence, when the girl had believed herself unobserved, regarding her with a peculiar intense look, an almost sidling stare of blended jealousy and hatred—the look, it struck her, of a tigress just about to spring.

And then she would chide herself and say she must be getting an attack of nerves, for Florence, her strained glance relaxing, would murmur admiringly: "How pretty your hair is this morning, Miss Helene. I just can't take my eyes off it."

The Continuation of This Story Will Be Found in Tomorrow's Issue of This Paper.

## BRINGS STAGE GAGS TO TEMPERANCE TALK

"Billy" Williams, Old-Time Minstrel, Lectures on Evils of Liquor and General Wickedness of Chicago—Scores Voters for Indifference.

CHICAGO, Dec. 27.—"Billy" Williams, the old-time minstrel, has turned temperance lecturer. His first address here was a heart to heart talk with motley audience that comfortably filled Temperance Hall.

He spoke under the auspices of the St. Paul Guild, and was introduced by the Rev. Father O'Callaghan, of St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church.

"In Chicago," said Williams, "there is no respect for God, man, or the devil. The saloons run wild on Sunday. There can be no moral improvement until this is made a clean, dry town."

"I want to take away the swinging door temptation from the man who can't resist it, and stop the manufacture of the accursed liquor."

Tells Old Minstrel Story.

While dwelling on the evils in Chicago, Williams told a story he had used, as he said, thirty years ago in black-face comedy. He had a dream, he said, that he had died and gone to heaven. St. Peter looked out and asked him who he was and where he was from. "I am 'Billy' Williams," he replied. "I come from Chicago."

"Come right in," urged St. Peter. "You are the first man who ever came to heaven from that place."

"The efficacy of prayer," he said, "is something that can make a man stand on his feet and look the world in the face."

Criticizing the kid-glove sort of Christianity, he said: "It is all very well to sing 'Throw

than anything else is a good home, and she knows that. I lost the recipe of, and—"

"How about her references?" Helene cut short the list of the applicant's excellencies. "It doesn't seem to me a girl of that sort should have to be hiring a place."

"Oh, but she has only been in the city a short while, and she had no thought of going into service until it was suggested to her by thinking about us. Never having worked out here, she has, of course, no New York references; but she says anybody in the Western village she came from would vouch for her, although she doesn't especially care to have any of them know what she's doing."

"I am sure, too, that she doesn't drink, and she's not pretty enough to be flirtatious; so at least don't decide against her, Helene," pleaded the old lady, "until after you have seen her. I told her to come back for an answer at 7 o'clock this evening."

"Very well," assented Helene, "although since you are the one to be suited, auntie, I don't know that I really ought to come in on the matter at all. What's the name of this rare bird?"

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## CHICAGO PROTESTS IN RUDOVITZ CASE

Huge Mass Meeting Called to Discuss Attempt at Extradition.

IS DIRECT ANSWER TO FOOTE'S DECISION

Business Men Will Enter Objections to Commissioners' Opinion, Granting No Immunity.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 27.—A huge mass meeting of citizens of Chicago, at which a large number of the most prominent business and professional men of the city were to be present, is scheduled to be held at the Colonial theater at 3 o'clock this afternoon, for the purpose of framing a protest against the attempt on the part of the Russian government to procure the extradition of Christian Rudovitz, the Russian fugitive who was tried before United States Commissioner Foote on his claim to the right of asylum.

The meeting will be a direct answer to the formal decision of Commissioner Foote, in his opinion, Mr. Rudovitz is charged are not political, and that he is entitled to no immunity under the convention of the two governments.

The mass meeting was preceded by a smaller gathering in Rudovitz's behalf, held at 11 o'clock in the morning at Handel Hall, 40 Randolph street, under the auspices of the ethical culture society. At this meeting Miss Jane Adams and professor Samuel L. Harper of the University of Chicago will speak.

The charge has been made openly and repeatedly in the Rudovitz case that under the pretext that the prisoner has violated its penal laws, the Russian autocracy is trying to draw back into its clutches a man whom it hates for his political activities. On the other hand, it was asserted by representatives of the Russian government that Rudovitz had been shown to have been identified with a conspiracy which had no political aims, but which, using the name of revolutionists as a cloak, committed wholesale piracy and robbery.

Another View.

At the same time as the commissioner's opinion, there was given out another review of the case which takes the diametrically opposite view of every point. It is by Dean John H. Wigmore of the Northwestern University law school, author of "Wigmore on Evidence," and a well-known authority on a treaty law.

The commissioner asserts that "The evidence is clearly sufficient to satisfy reasonable mind that the accused probably was present at, and guilty of, the robbery, burglary, and larceny, as well as the murder and arson—all charged in the complaint herein."

The reference is to the attack on the brickyard at Benen in the Baltic provinces, when Wilhelm Kine and his parents, the Leschinskys, were killed and robberies committed for taking part in the while the extradition of Rudovitz is sought.

Wigmore Differs.

On this same point, Prof. Wigmore says "The evidence identifying him as present (which he denies) is too slight to produce even probable belief."

As to the political character of the offense, the commissioner says, "The situation in the Rudovitz case is as far removed from dignity from such an offense as could well be. The defense," he says, "is far short of proving political character for the offense with that fullness and certainty deemed necessary in a judicial proceeding."

Prof. Wigmore cites many quotations from the testimony showing the crime to have been of a practical nature, and says:

"The evidence of the above facts is testimony which compels belief and shows no marks at all of untrustworthiness."

MODEL CONVICT GETS REWARD OF PARDON

Lafayette Elza Served Eighteen Years in West Virginia Penitentiary for Murder.

WHEELING, W. Va., Dec. 27.—Lafayette Elza, aged sixty-eight, walked from the penitentiary at Moundsville today a free man. He was granted a conditional pardon by Governor Dawson.

For eighteen years Elza has been a model prisoner. His wife sent up for life for the killing of T. J. Mullens, in Randolph county. The release of the prisoner was asked by the ten surviving jurors.

The entire corps of officers and guards at the penitentiary signed the petition asking for his release.

IMMIGRANT IS HELD ON SERIOUS CHARGE

BOSTON, Dec. 27.—Misk Melkonian, of Chelsea, is being held by United States Deputy Marshal Ruhl on the complaint of being a fugitive from justice.

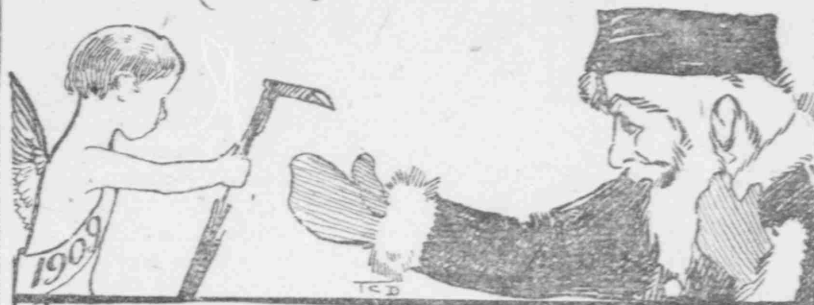
He pleaded not guilty before United States Commissioner Hayes, who held him in \$5,000 bail for a hearing January 1. It is likely that the defendant will be sent to Philadelphia, where he was indicted for violation of the immigration laws in pawning his certification of naturalization.

## LACK OF TWO CENTS CAUSE OF SUICIDE

BUFFALO, N. Y., Dec. 27.—Inability to pay the postage on a letter appealing to her sister for help seems to have been the cause of Mrs. R. W. Fenton, forty years old, committing suicide, according to a statement made today by the medical examiner. The letter was opened by the examiner in order to learn for whom it was intended. It should have gone to Mrs. George Homan, Whitehall, Pa. The body was found in a gas-filled room.

## VANDERBILT BELL RINGS FIRST TIME

NEWPORT, R. I., Dec. 27.—The new bell for the Methodist Episcopal Church at Four Corners, Middletown, presented by Alfred G. Vanderbilt, Jr., now in place, and was sounded today, for the first time. The bell, which is in B flat, weighs 1,000 pounds, and is of an alloy of tin and polished copper, and bears this inscription: "1908. The gift of Alfred G. Vanderbilt to the Methodist Episcopal Church of Middletown, R. I."



## "RETURN GIFTS"

Did some one remember you on Xmas whom you overlooked when selecting holiday presents? If so, New Year's is the appropriate time to make "the return" gift.

Umbrellas make ideal "return gifts"—they are always appreciated. If you want the best values at the lowest prices you will, naturally, go to KROEGER'S, the manufacturer who sells direct to the public at only one profit—and that a very small one.

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\$1.50 to \$2.00 values	..... \$1.00
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\$5.00 values	..... \$3.85
\$7.50 to \$10.00 values	..... \$5.00

## Kroeger's Umbrella Store

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Opposite the Patent Office Phone Main 4843

## A New Year Remembrance

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**Carnations**

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